

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liu'd,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*

Ger. This is the coynage of your braine,
This bodiless creation, extasie is very cunning in

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musick, it is not madnesse
That I haue yttred, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gamble from, Mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule
That not your trespassse but my madnesse speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcereous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within
Infects vnscene: confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoid what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Assume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monster custome, who all sence doth eate
Of habits Deuill, is Angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a Frocke or Liuerie
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easinesse
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vse almost can change the stampe of nature;
And master the Deuill, or throw him out
With wondrous potencie: once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
He blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas'd it so

To

Prince of Denmarke.

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell onely to be kind,
This bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more good Ladie.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your checke, call you his Mousse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, 'twere good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a Bat, a Gib,
Such deere conseruings hide, who would doe so,
No, in despite of sence and secrecie,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds flie, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that,

Ger. Alack I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters scald, & my two school-fellows,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the Mandate, they must sweep my way
And marshall me to knaury: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the Engineer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard below their mines.
And blow them at the Moone: O tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet,

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